

## Limerence by orphan\_account

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**Summary:**

lim·er·ence

'limərəns/

nounPsychology

noun: limerence; plural noun: limerences

the state of being infatuated with another person, typically experienced involuntarily and characterized by a strong desire for reciprocation of one's feelings but not primarily for a sexual relationship.

## Limerence

### Author's Note:

hope you guys enjoy!

Mike Wheeler had no one to blame but himself. After all, it wasn't like there was some magical fairy godmother that made him fall in love with Will Byers.

But if there was, he would thank her and ask for a refund.

Because being able to smile just by thinking of him, having his heart melt when he saw him blush, run his fingers across his skin and feel how soft it was, Mike loved being in limerence with Will Byers.

But to see the boy giggle whenever his boyfriend whispered in his ear, to watch him give him paintings he felt weren't appreciated enough, to watch him wear a silly, and wishful smile whenever someone mentioned his name, Mike hated being in limerence with Will Byers.

It wasn't Will's fault that Mike was too late. That he was too scared of what others would think if he had confessed to him. And that was okay. Will finally had someone who could make him smile. Talk to him in a voice Mike could never hear. Share secrets with him he could never know. Tell him things Mike could only wish could be said to him. But all of that wasn't Will Byers fault.

It was his.

"Why did you and Jane break up?" was a question Mike had thought would disappear after a week after they had broke things off. But its week 3 and people are still wondering what happened to the "star crossed lovers".

Well that was easy. Both Jane and Mike decided that the reason they "fell in love" was because both of them depended on each other when both of them were losing themselves. But they had found out that that was it. Leaning onto each other when the other had lost

their rock. In their case, Mike had lost the person closest to him (Will) and Jane still needed to figure out herself before she could decide what love meant to her.

And to Jane, love meant holding onto that fiery red head as she zoomed through the streets of Hawkins. And for Mike, love meant wondering just how many emotions could show in those big brown eyes of the youngest Byers boy.

Mike had decided he got annoyed by the question on the second day. But as Will waited for him to answer, as the two walked through the woods of Hawkins, Mike decided that if it came from Will, he was alright with it.

"We just...we just decided we wanted different things," Mike answered, the red and orange leaves crushing beneath his feet. The cold autumn air causing the two to shiver at times and Will to sniffle his red nose.

Will nodded without much thought. And Mike couldn't help himself but to push some of his messy brown hair behind his hair.

"How are you and um...Jacob? How are you guys doing?" he finally asked the question that was clawing at the back of his mind. And he tilted his head in question when, instead of a stupid smile, Will Byers wore a disappointed frown.

"Hey, is something wrong?" Mike mumbled, stopping to rest his hand on Will's shoulder, lifting his chin a bit so he wouldn't keep staring at the ground. He resisted to take a step back, his brown eyes had turned into rich gold in the sunlight, emotions swirling in them that Mike couldn't even begin to comprehend. He tried to calm down his heart, while also cussing out whatever being was out there that made him feel so overwhelmed just by looking into a boy's eyes.

Will took a deep breath, finding himself unable to look away from Mike's intense gaze. "His parents um...they found out. He hasn't talked to me since and I guess...him kissing Anne Brown just kinda... confirms I don't have a boyfriend anymore," he chuckled dryly. He had cried all of his tears days ago. And it felt like Will had no more tears left to cry either.

Mike held Will to his chest tightly. Letting him rest against his chest and he cursed at Jacob for hurting him.

“Why didn’t you tell m- us before?” he muttered softly, not wanting to break the silence but the question was killing him.

“I...I just...felt embarrassed,” sighed Will, stepping away to run a hand through his hair. “I’m fine now. I swear.”

“Just cause you’re fine doesn’t mean you deserved it!” Mike said, clenching his fist tightly just imagining what Will must’ve felt when he saw that the person he “loved” throw him away like that. “You don’t..you don’t...”

“Mike have you ever thought, that maybe, maybe I do deserve it,” Will mumbled, kicking the daises that were under his feet in frustration. “I mean! Hell, I was the one who took Jane away from you for a year remember? I’m the one who nearly drew my mom insane! I’m the one that was so weak that I let the mind flayer take control of me! I’m the one whos so fucking stupid to not even get home by himself! So maybe, yes Mikey. Maybe yes I deserve to fucking get hurt. Because it would’ve been a lot better if I had died when I was stuck down there anyways!”

Mike stood in shock after Will’s confession. Glaring sharply before tackling the boy into the patch of daises beneath him. “You don’t get to say that, Will! You didn’t see me crying after Hopper pulled your fake corpse out of the river! You didn’t see me yelling at my parents because I thought I lost you! You didn’t see me push nurses out of the way so I could see you first in the hospital. You...you didn’t see me watching and begging that I could be the one to kiss you like he did...you didn’t see me being a mess for the week you were gone because, fuck Will...I need you. So you don’t get to stand there and think so little of yourself because an asshole decided to throw away the most amazing thing someone could be blessed with...and that’s you Will!”

The two boys were messes at that point. Hot and angry tears ran down their cheeks as they glared into each other eyes. And maybe it was Will or Mike who kissed the other first. But it didn’t matter at that point because Mike couldn’t help but pull him closer, desperate

to feel him against him. It didn't matter how many times he had imagined it, kissing the love of his life was nothing his brain could've thought it be.

And as they kissed in a patch filled with daises, with Will beneath him chuckling before being engulfed in even more kisses, Mike Wheeler decided on something.

If being in limerence with Will Byers meant stupid kisses under the sun, holding each other scared the other would disappear, and giggling as they mumbled 'I love yous' to each other,

He would gladly take it.